

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ



عيد الاضحى مبارك

DOW MEDICAL COLLEGE CLASS OF 1985

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Wishing all the friends a very happy Eid

As we celebrate these happy days let's remember those who have left us. Nadeem Zafar has been doing an outstanding job of dedicating water wells in memory of our departed friends. The most recent dedication is to Anjum Ahmed. Anjum was one of the most hardworking of our class fellows during out student life. He was in Abdul Jabbar's clinical batch. During the first professional Anjum, Abdul Ghaffar, Khalid Mahmood Khan, Mohammad Amin and I spent a lot of time together outside the college. He was working in Malaysia when he suffered a massive heart attack. May Allah SWT have mercy on his soul and give him a place in the Jannatul Firdaus, Ameen!



Please contact Nadeem Zafar if you want to donate a water-well in memory of your loved ones.

A proud moment for D85



Dr Izhar Khan won the 21st World Porridge Making Championships!

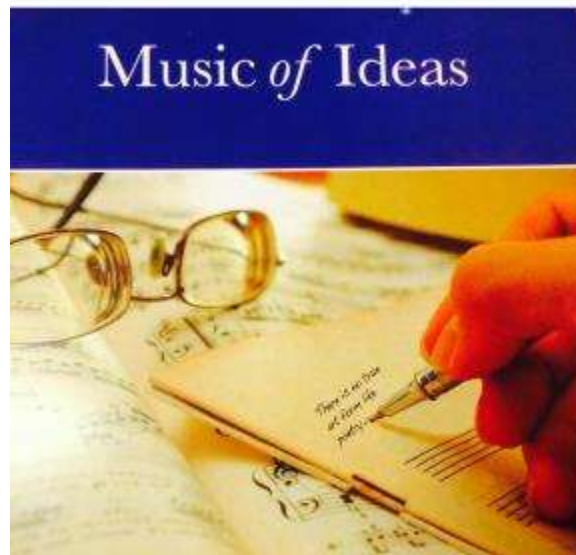
A proud member of the D85 community Dr Izhar Khan, who was competing for the second time, said he had achieved his aim of taking the Golden Spurtle award to the Granite City. His own spurtle had been crafted for him by one of his patients. The World Champion is required to create a traditional porridge with untreated oatmeal, using only water and salt.

Speaking at the event on Saturday October 5, 2014, Izhar said: "I started eating porridge seven years ago. It is simple, versatile, healthy and very affordable." I am traditional by nature and like the ritual of making porridge. It sets you up for the day."



I am sure that Izhar would feast all of us with his championship winning porridge at his spacious and yet traditional home in Scotland.

Syed Khalid Anwer recently published his collection of English poetry.



If Looking Out Of The Window

If looking out of the window
You cannot write a poem
From the gorgeous natural
Elements in front, then the
Sense are not on heightened
Alert, mood is dim
Thoughts unfocused
Passion compromised
Body not supple
Wrists taut
Heart not at ease
Time to close the curtains
And open them
Again.....

SPRING!

Spring is in the air
Air is in the spring
Mood is sprightly and sprung
Heels sprung in the spring
Flowers are in the air
Scented fragrance everywhere
Soon moths would arrive
All lovely, light and fair
Mountains, rivers valley
They do dare
Bees would be ready for the dance
Meticulous calculations
Nothing left to chance
And birds would sing
Their delightful song
Early in the spring morn
Do they know
We also call it dawn
Spring is in the air!

AISHA IDRIS D86

ہر ضروری رشتہ پیارا نہیں ہوتا
ہر پیار بھی ضروری نہیں ہوتا

تمنا گرچہ دل میں بیجان کرے پیا
اظہار محبت تو ضروری نہیں ہوتا

ہر بندہ خود غرض اندر سے ہے ہوتا
ظاہر اور باطن سب کا ہے الگ ہوتا

کچھ رشتے یوں بوجھ ڈال دیتے ہیں
کہ کسے بن اور کوئی چارا نہیں ہوتا

مخلص رشتوں کا قرض اتار دینا
اکثر بن جاتا ہے ناممکن ہوتا

دفن کر دیئے کتنے لمحے دل کی لہر میں
اور ان پہ ماتم اب ہم سے نہیں ہوتا

میرے دوستوں، پیاروں کے جہڑوں کی صداقت
کی شاہد ہوں کہ جینا اب برا نہیں لگتا

کل جو دیکھا گزرتے ہوئے میں نے آئینہ
اک عمر رسیدہ نے مجھے غور سے دیکھا

گھر کی چار دیواری کے باہر جو ہو سو ہو
میرا دل اپنے آنگن کے سوا کہیں اور نہیں لگتا

اپنے زخموں پر رکھ لئے ہیں صبر کے پہاڑ
بار بار ان کا تذکرہ کرنا اچھا نہیں لگتا

Memons of Karachi

Sohail Ansari D82

According to the last estimates, there are 18 million Memons worldwide: 9 million in India, 7 million in Pakistan and 2 million in 37 other countries including 13,000 in USA and 25,000 in UK. A mercantile community, the Memons are mostly settled in coastal areas, from Mumbai to Karachi to Colombo. This heterogeneous community despite having several origins seems to stem from one.

Memons are the Muslim converts originating from Lohana caste, also referred to as Luvana (descendant from a lineage tracing back to Lava, son of Rama) who are a Hindu caste and traditionally have been merchants. Initially, on accepting Islam, they were named Maumin but over the years the name tainted to Memon.



However, according to another theory certain soldiers of Arab tribe of Banu Tamim, of Qatif, near Ta'if, came to Sindh along with Muhammad Bin Qasim and they were known as Maymenah, right-wingers in the army. They settled in modern day Thatta. This word was later corrupted to Memons.

In the fourteenth century, about 1422, Sindh was ruled by a Hindu king, Jam Rai Dan, who converted to Islam and was re-named as Makrab Khan. Sindhi Lohanas were invited to accept Islam. Some 700 Lohana families (comprising 6178 persons) living in Thatta converted to Islam under the auspices of Pir Sayad Yusufuddin Qadri and those converts became known as Maumins. As a reaction the Hindu Lohanas severed all social, economic and religious connections with the converts. In view of this persecution, the Pir advised them to migrate to a new land. This is narrated in the Gazetteer of Bombay Presidency, Volume XI, Part II: Gujarat Population: Musalmans and Parsis, published in 1899.

Following this advice, about 150 Maumin families migrated from Thatta to a place on the banks of a nearby river named Variya. They had a tough time even after moving away from Sindh because of the chaos and disorder in the entire area: on the border areas between Sindh and Gujarat, the Baloochis looted trade caravans, resulting in complete closure of all trade

activities. The Maumins decided to move from Variya, and went in several directions: one group, under the leadership of Ladha, went to Halar in Kathiawar (also known as Saurashtra) in Western India (presently in the state of Gujarat). Another group travelled along the coast and reached Surat. A group of fifty young men proceeded to the Punjab and settled in Lahore; little is known of this group today. One group, under the leadership of Ruknuddin (previously known as Markun), son of Adam, went to Bhuj, the capital of Kutch, and settled down there. Ruknuddin's son Kana became honoured in the new abode as Kana Seth. Over the years the business acumen, hard work and honesty made this community prosperous.

The Memons went far afield to various parts of the world in search of trade using boats and ships and were also known as sailor businessmen. Some even chose to return to Sindh and settled in Karachi.

With the advent of the British Empire in India, the Memons integrated with their commercial policies. British needed help from the local traders which was readily provided by the Memons who were also ventured away from home too.

After 1839 and 1843 with British dominance, British firms from Bombay with large capital resources and a very good knowledge of overseas markets took the business opportunities in Karachi. That brought in the Parsi contractors from Bombay to supply the British troops and British civilians. Also some Jewish traders came from Bombay. Some groups which were already active before the annexation such as the Ismaili Khojas and the Kutchi Memons, were reinforced by an influx of immigrants from Bombay, Kutch and other parts of Gujrat. As a result the major trading houses of Sindhi Banias in Karachi went into rapid decline.

Most Memons in the Indian subcontinent lived in Sindh, Gujrat and Bombay. Consequently, the main divisions of Memons are: Kutchi Memons, the ones whose ancestral traces are from Kutch and they speak Kutchi dialects. The ones from Kathiawar are Kathiawari Memons or Halai Memons or simply Memons and they speak the Memon language. Whereas those who did not migrate and remained in Sindh are the Sindhi Memons and they speak Sindhi language. However, there are further subdivisions as well and that will include Deeplai Memons, Kutiyana Memons, Bantva Memons, Dhoraji Memons and so on.

Sindhi Memons are settled all over the Sindh province and Baluchistan province Sindh border district Kachi Bolan. There are many tribes amongst them, mainly depicting the area they reside in and their lineage. The main clans are Sarai, Aklani, Borani, Budani, Lalwani, Dharpali, Jumani, Jamot memon, Ayoubani, Juberani, Dinani, Bhambhani, Ranani, Pilani Dodani, Chelharia, Akhund, Jumani, Diplai, Yousefani and Bachani.

Kutchi Memons are a highly endogenous community, where marriages are arranged within their own ethnic group.



The Gujarati Khojas are essentially from the same ethnic stock as the Memons, except for the fact that they were a branch of the Lohanas who had converted to Shia Ismaili Nizari in the 14th Century through Ismaili Dai' Pir Sadardin; thus leaving vast religious differences.

Memons are religious, generous and charitable people. They looked after not only their own communities but others as well. They established jamaats, mosques, schools and dispensaries and contributed to local trades wherever they settled.

Most Memon businessmen had only enough working knowledge of Gujrati and English to read or write the telegrams but the literacy was otherwise wanted. In 1930s, Sir Adamjee Haji Dawood picked on that and realised the need of education for the future generations. He made efforts in that direction, investing what was needed and soon gained the recognition of being the father of education in the community. Following creation of Pakistan there were about a hundred schools which were run by the Memon community in Sindh. In Karachi alone, Adamjee College, Dawood Engineering College, Ayesha Bawany School and Rounaq e Islam Girls College are among the notable few.

The Memon leaders formed the most powerful group in the Pakistan monopolistic bourgeoisie and of the 22 monopolistic families of Pakistan, seven are Memons: Adamjees, Dawoods, Bawanys, Karims, Dadas, Haroons, and the Rangoonwala-Bengali group. Also the other prominent businessmen and industrialists included the Dadabhoys, Jaffer Brothers, Haji Ahmad Haji Hasham and Hussein Ibrahim etc.

It will not be easy to name each prominent personality or institution here keeping in view the space. I shall, therefore, mention only a few.

Sir Haji Abdullah Haroon (1872 to 1942)

Of the luminary Memons from Karachi, the prominent one in my view is Sir Haji Abdullah Haroon who was a self-made businessman, a social worker, a philanthropist, an organiser, a builder of institutions and a political leader. Born in 1872, he lost his father at an early age and was brought by his grandmother under financially challenging circumstances. He worked as a general help boy at the age of 14 years and commenced his business career in 1896 with a very small scale business but soon made road ways on the success to be known as ‘Sugar King’ by the age of 37. His political career began in 1913 on becoming a member of the Karachi Municipality. Later he became involved with Indian National Congress, became President of Khilafat Committee of Sindh and in 1938, President of Sindh Provincial Muslim League. He started Al Waheed in 1920 and encouraged Maulana Wafai to publish Tawheed. He founded Jamia Islamia Yatimkhana for Boys, Cutchi Memon Madrasa e Binat for Girls and built Muslim Gymkhana.



Muhammad Yusuf Abdullah Haroon

His eldest son, Muhammad Yusuf Abdullah Haroon, worked closely with MA Jinnah as his ADC and was active in the Pakistan Movement. He served as mayor of Karachi (1944–45), chief minister of Sindh (1949–50), governor of West Pakistan (1969) and federal minister. He was also a former high commissioner to Australia. He was a founding member of the newspaper Dawn as well as its chief editor.



Seth Jaffer Fadoo (1854-1925)

Jaffer Fadoo was born into a business community in Karachi. After education up to matriculation, he chose medical apprenticeship and worked at the Civil Hospital Karachi as a trainee medical practitioner for almost two years.

In 1882, when Viceroy Lord Rippon introduced the local self-government system, Jaffer, then 28, was elected to the municipality where he served in various capacities up till 1907.

After terminating his medical apprenticeship, he opened the Sindh Medical Hall from where he supplied medicines. He had also established a steamer service for passengers from Hyderabad to Kotri to Tando Bago and finally to Talhar. The steamer service ran for almost two decades. In 1887, he began two bi-weekly newspapers, 'Phoenix', the only English language paper of its time, and 'Prajā Mitra', both of which were published until 1918.

In 1904, he built the Jaffer Fadoo Dispensary, which was the first of its kind to serve the underprivileged of the fast-developing metropolis.

In 1911, King George V, in recognition of his many public services, awarded him the Coronation Medal.



Seth Ahmed Dawood (1899-2002)

Seth Ahmed Dawood, born in 1905, was one of the top businessman and industrialists of Pakistan; he was among the wealthiest and owned a number of industries and financial institutes under the auspices of Dawoods. He was also one of the founder trustees of Al-Shifa Eye Hospital. He also founded United Memon Jamaat. Seth Ahmad was born in Bantva, Kathiawar. His father was a trader. Seth Ahmad found Bantva too small for his business acumen and shifted to Bombay. Just before Independence, he had established a trading house dealing in commodities, textiles, jute and yarn, with branches in many cities and towns in pre-partition India. He moved to Karachi following partition and made a fortune there. Separation of East Pakistan in 1971, nationalization in 1972 and finally a split in the family, gave one after other setbacks to the business of Seth Ahmad Dawood.



Sir Adamjee Haji Dawood (1880-1948)

Sir Adamjee Haji Dawood also migrated on creation of Pakistan. Born in Jetpur, he was sent to Calcutta in his childhood where he worked for businessmen to look after their correspondence. He started own business in spare time by collecting the jute bags from the streets and sold them at a small profit and that is how he ultimately went on to set up Adamjee Jute Mills. In 1933, he realised the need of education in the Gujrati Memon community and established Memon Education and Welfare Society. The British Government awarded him knighthood in 1938 in recognition of his services to humanitarian causes as well as to business and industry. In the early days of Pakistan, he was one of the major financers to the country. Soon after independence, it was necessary to establish State Bank of Pakistan. For this work, huge amount and co-operation of prominent industrialists and businessmen was needed. A meeting was called for in this regard on 26th January, 1948 in which he too attended and collapsed due to a heart attack during that meeting. His family continued with the work of education.



Adamjee Science College

Adamjee Science College is worth mentioning since a good proportion of your batch would have had the HSC from there; it was inaugurated in 1961 (30th July). The following photographs were taken on the day of inauguration. It was established under the auspices of "All Pakistan Memon Educational and Welfare Society" through the financial help and efforts of late Sir Adamjee Haji Dawood and Mr. Abdul Ghani Dada Bhai Junani (commonly known as Kaka Junani). Following Sir Adamjee Haji Dawood, his sons Abdul Wahid, Zakaria and Gul Mohommad took the responsibility for financing and developing a number of educational institutions. Abdul Wahid Adamjee also served as President of the All Pakistan Memon Educational and Welfare Society for almost twenty years from 1949 to 1968. The founder president of the college was Kaka Junani. Not highly educated himself, he

was a philanthropist with great passion and love for education. Kaka Junani was born in Kathiawar and received education in Rajkot.

While celebrating the Silver Jubilee of the Society, the need of establishing a Science College was felt and the Society decided to take up the task instantly. The "Adamjee Boarding House", situated in Garden East, Karachi was identified to house this college which was given the name of "Adamjee Science College" as a mark of respect to Sir Adamjee Haji Dawood.

The college commenced with 100 students in class XI and every year a new class was added and until 1965 when it became a full fledged degree science college, with more than two hundred students at Intermediate level and forty five students at degree level.

Its first Principal was Prof A L Sheikh who served the college for 11 years (30 April 1961 to 31 August 1972). It soon attained a high status among the academic circles in view of the excellent results at HSC examinations.



Seen in the picture are Ayub Khan, A W Adamjee and Kaka Junani

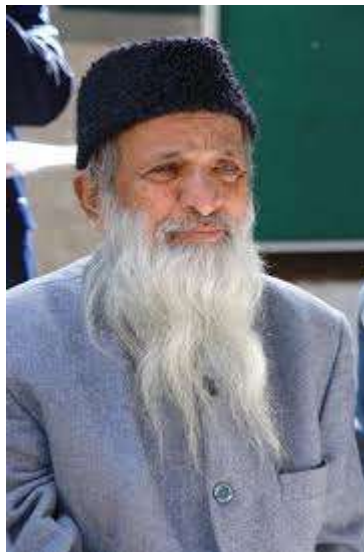
Dawood College of Engineering & Technology

The foundation stone of the Dawood College of Engineering & Technology was laid in 1962. The College was established by Dawood Foundation (which was set up in 1961 with a capital of Rs. 25 million) under the supervision of Seth Ahmed Dawood in 1964. In the early days some of the subjects taught here were not offered by any other college or university in Pakistan.



And who can forget this great man

Abdul Sattar Edhi



Pearls of wisdom

Love is blind and love can be foolish – Our heart doesn't always love the right people at the right time. Sometimes we hurt the ones that love us the most and sometimes we love the ones that don't deserve our love at all.

20 Things You Learn Growing Up

1. Never, under any circumstances, take a sleeping pill and a laxative on the same night.
2. You should never say anything to a woman that even remotely suggests that you think she's pregnant unless you can see an actual baby emerging from her at that moment.
3. There is a very fine line between "hobby" and "mental illness."
4. People who want to share their religious views with you almost never want you to share yours with them.
5. You should not confuse your career with your life.
6. Nobody cares if you can't dance well. Just get up and dance.
7. Never lick a steak knife!
8. The most powerful force in the universe is gossip.
9. You will never find anybody who can give you a clear and compelling reason why we observe daylight savings time.
10. Nobody is normal.
11. If you had to identify, in one word, the reason why the human race has not achieved and will never achieve its full potential, that one word would be "meetings."
12. There comes a time when you should stop expecting other people to make a big deal about your birthday. That time is age eleven.
13. The one thing that unites all human beings, regardless of age, gender, religion, economic status or ethnic background, is that, deep down inside, we ALL believe that we are above average drivers.
14. There apparently exists, somewhere in Los Angeles, a computer that generates concepts for television sitcoms. When TV executives need a new concept, they turn on this computer; after sorting through of possible plot premises, it spits out, "THREE QUIRKY BUT ATTRACTIVE YOUNG PEOPLE LIVING IN AN APARTMENT," and the executives turn this concept into a show. The next time they need an idea, the computer spits out, "SIX QUIRKY BUT ATTRACTIVE YOUNG PEOPLE LIVING IN AN APARTMENT." Then the next time, it spits out, "FOUR QUIRKY BUT ATTRACTIVE YOUNG PEOPLE LIVING IN AN APARTMENT." And so on. We need to locate this computer and destroy it with hammers.
15. A person, who is nice to you, but rude to a waiter, is not a nice person. (This is very important. Pay attention. It never fails.)
16. Your friends love you anyway.
17. People who feel the need to tell you that they have an excellent sense of humor are telling you that they have no sense of humor.
18. The main accomplishment of almost all organized protests is to annoy people who are not in them.
19. When trouble arises and things look bad, there is always one individual who perceives a solution and is willing to take command. Very often, that individual is crazy.
20. No matter what happens, somebody will find a way to take it too seriously.

From The Heartbreak House
George Bernard Shaw

When men are heroically dying for their country, it is not the time to show their lovers and wives and fathers and mothers how they are being sacrificed to the blunders of boobies, the cupidity of capitalists, the ambition of conquerors, the electioneering of demagogues, the Pharisaism of patriots, the lusts and lies and rancors and bloodthirsts that love war because it opens their prison doors, and sets them in the thrones of power and popularity. For unless these things are mercilessly exposed they will hide under the mantle of the ideals on the stage just as they do in real life.

Strange that one who, sooner than do honest work, will sell his honor for a bottle of wine, a visit to the theatre, and an hour with a strange woman, all obtained by passing a worthless cheque, could yet stake his life on the most desperate chances of the battle- field! Does it not seem as if, after all, the glory of death were cheaper than the glory of life?

In truth, it is, as Byron said, "not difficult to die," and enormously difficult to live: that explains why, at bottom, peace is not only better than war, but infinitely more arduous.



Visiting Karachi



Sara Chaudhary



Faheem Mukhtar being entertained at Jameel Ahmed's home

GULCHĪN

DR. M. ISHAQUE'S large anthology of modern Persian poetry¹ reveals the very considerable developments which have taken place in this branch of literature since E. G. Browne wrote his pioneering work *The Press and Poetry of Modern Persia* (Cambridge, 1914). A review just published by Dr. A. Bausani on Dinshah J. Irani's *Poets of the Pahlavi Regime* (Bombay, 1933),² and an article on the poet 'Ārif by Dr. A. Bombaci,³ are among recent reminders of the interest which this subject arouses in Europe. During the war it fell to my lot to found and edit a cultural magazine in the Persian language, *Rūzgār-i-Nau*, which after appearing in twenty-two issues is now defunct; this was the first Persian periodical ever to be published in Great Britain, and it achieved a tolerably wide circulation and popularity in Persia. My editorial duties brought me into contact with a number of young Persian poets of considerable promise; outstanding among them is the writer whose work forms the subject of the present paper.

Majd ad-Dīn Mīr-Fakhrā'ī, who writes under the pen-name Gulchīn-i-Gilānī, was born at Resht on 1st January, 1910 (1289 A.H.). His father, Mahdī Mīr-Fakhrā'ī, who was Head of the Finance Department in Resht at that time, after holding a number of important offices under the Persian government is now Governor of Sabzevār. Gulchīn obtained his early education at the primary school in Resht and the secondary school in Teheran; he received the *Diplome-ès-Lettres* from the *Dār al-Funūn*, and the *Licence-ès-Lettres, Philosophie et Sciences Pédagogiques* from the *Dānīshsarā'ay-i-'Ālī*, Teheran. After matriculating at the Chelsea Polytechnic and at University College, London, he passed the First and Second M.B., B.S. He commenced his clinical studies in Manchester Royal Infirmary, but the outbreak of war interrupted these, and Gulchīn was obliged to work for his support. He became an ambulance driver in the A.R.P. (Civil Defence) under the London County Council but was later deprived of this means of livelihood when the Aliens'

1. *Sukhanvarān-i-Irān Dar 'Arṣ-i-Hāzır* (Poets and Poetry of Modern Persia), 2 Vols., Calcutta, 1933, 1937.

2. 'Notizie su poeti persiani contemporanei' in *Oriente Moderno*, Vol. XXV (1946), pp. 28-41.

3. 'Il poeta nazionalista persiano 'Āref di Qazvin,' *ib.*, pp. 42-53.

Restriction Act was passed, and for a time faced great hardship and hunger. Subsequently Gulchīn succeeded in earning enough by journalism and translation work to enable him to resume his clinical studies at University College Hospital. He qualified in medicine, surgery, and midwifery in 1944 (L.M.S.S.A.), and the following year obtained his M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P., and entered general practice in London. In 1946 he gained the special diploma in tropical diseases and hygiene (D.T.M. & H.); and is now once more attending University College Hospital in order to acquire more knowledge and experience of recent advances in medicine.

Such in brief is the biography to date of a young poet who has already proved that he has something of importance to contribute to Persian literature. Before leaving Persia, Gulchīn had a number of poems published in magazines and newspapers: my first acquaintance with him was in 1940, when he brought me a poem entitled باران (Rain). I was so much struck by the freshness and originality of his style and language that I sent this poem to Teheran, where it was published in the literary magazine, *Sukhan*, which had just been founded. He later brought me other poems, and in 1944 I published two of these, برگ (Leaves) and خانه تاریک (The Dark House), in my quarterly *Rūzgār-i-Nau*. These poems were received with great interest and appreciation in Persia, where the younger critics hailed Gulchīn as a most promising writer. The former of these two poems was printed side by side with an English translation from my own pen; I quote below some stanzas to illustrate this phase of Gulchīn's development:

باد شبگرد میکشد فریاد
که کل و برگ و سبزه ویران باد
بافتان پرندۀ شب خیز
زیر اشک ستارگان بلند
برگ و گل روی سبزه می افتند
زرد از مشت و سیلی پائیز
روی چین های نازک هر برگ
کشمکش های زندگی و مرگ
سرگذشت خوشامد و بدرود
خنده و اشک و ناله جان سوز
داستان های دلکش دیروز
یادگار گذشته نابود

The night-bound wind in loud lament doth cry :
 "Let flower and leaf and grass in ruin lie!"
 And, as the night-arising bird makes moan,
 Beneath the weeping stars in heaven's height,
 Smitten by autumn's hand, in pallid flight
 Over the grasses leaf and flower are strewn.

There, o'er the delicate folds of every leaf
 Life fights with Death in battle fiercely brief,
 The ancient tale of Welcome and Farewell;
 Laughter, and tears, and soul-consuming sighs,
 All yesterday's delightful memories,
 Remembrance of a vanished past to tell.

The rich, melodious melancholy of this threnody to autumn recalls strongly the mood of Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*.

O Wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.

But whereas Shelley ends on a note of triumphant optimism :

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Gulchīn, who was writing at a time when the whole earth was shaken by the hurricane blast of war, saw no redeeming vision of new birth.

آه بر برگ‌های سرگردان
 یادگار بهار و تابستان
 بامدادان چو دیده خورشید
 بازگرد میان کوه و سیهر
 در چنین باغ بی گل و بی مهر
 روی این شاخه‌ها چه خط‌ها دید

Ah, leaves that flutter heedlessly away,
 Last memories of spring and summer gay,
 To-morrow, when the sun's returning eye
 Peeps 'twixt the mountains and the sky above,
 Within this flowerless garden, bare of love,
 What on these branches shall it then descry?

The mind of the poet, meditating on what the eye of the poet saw in nature in the autumn of 1944, seems to have had a vision of the wide-spread misery which the storm of war would leave in its trail; and if the realization

had in it little of optimism, it cannot be said that the events which have followed the decision of 1945 have in anyway belied Gulchīn's dark prognostications.

Sometime in the summer of 1944 I had a talk with Gulchīn about the present tendencies in Persian poetry, and put to him the idea, which I had long had in mind, that the time had come for the old classical themes of the Persian epic to be used again, in idylls after the manner of the nineteenth and twentieth century poets of Europe. A few weeks later Gulchīn brought me a poem of 360 lines on the Suhrāb and Rustam incident. This poem, which has not yet been published, does in fact represent a distinctly new development in narrative style. The poet uses six-lined stanzas similar to those employed in 'Leaves'; the formal subject of the poem is viewed in an eternal perspective; the title of the idyll, مهر و کین (Love and Hate), symbolises the poet's intention in composing it. Gulchīn's interpretation of life is still pessimistic, as the following quotation from the beginning of this poem indicates:—

ای بشر گشت بزرگ روزگار
 با هزاران گام پائیز و بهار
 می رود سوی زمستان های نو
 تاز پیکار سیاه صلح و جنگ
 گستراند برف های سیم رنگ
 بر زمین آزمایش های تو
 چون ز نیرنگ بزرگ سرنوشت
 شد تهی از آدم و حوا بهشت
 آسمان آشفته شد کرد زمین
 با هزاران کوشش خورشید و ماه
 ابرها کردند گیتی را سیاه
 شد زمین یک رزمگاه مهر و کین
 تیغ هارا آذرخش آمانده ساخت
 تندر دیوانه زد شیپور تاخت
 ریخت باران تا کشد دریا خروش
 ریخت باران تا بگرید آبشار
 ریخت باران تا چشم کوهسار
 چشمه خشم جهان آید بجوش

When I read these astonishing lines, it seemed to me that the eternal genius of Persian poetry had suddenly taken a long evolutionary leap forward into a future of infinite promise. With all his gifts of image and expression, his rich invention and novelty of phrase, Gulchīn does not turn his back on the classical tradition. He is no revolutionary of the kind too prevalent in world-literature today, denying entirely the values of the past, and casting about like a rudderless ship on pathless waters to find an undiscovered land: he is upon an adventure too, but he knows the old routes, and takes with him the instruments proved valid by skilled seafarers through long centuries of purposeful voyaging.

Gulchīn has some sixty poems not yet published, fifty of them written since he came to England; it is certainly to be desired that he should in the no distant future make a volume of his poetry to date—he is still a young man, and many more volumes of poetry will yet, fate willing, come from his inventive pen, but he has already said important new things which ought not to continue unheard.

On 1 October, 1946, Gulchīn sent me a new poem, with a letter.

"In August I went through a painful physical and emotional experience. I was rewarded in September by six poems which I have collected under the title of 'The Curtain Fell.' I am sending them to you to be kind enough to have a look at them (if your time permits). If you want to have them published, you are welcome. As you will notice these poems are very different from my previous ones which you have seen. No more word painting of the External World. They are an attempt to dig into the Mind. The form is *مشوی* and not new in Persian Literature, but, I think, the style of expression is new. I especially tried to be *vague* in the first of these poems. You will find, here and there, strange combinations of words, but they are intended....."

Though the academic year was just beginning, with all the tiresome routine of interviewing and lecture-planning which that involves, the arrival of a new poem from Gulchīn was too interesting an event to be crowded out of one's attention. I read 'The Curtain Fell,' and at once set to work upon a translation. The result is here to read.

'The Curtain Fell' is, as far as I am aware, the first sequence of its kind to be written in Persian, though of course the form is not entirely novel in other languages. But there is an important feature which distinguishes Gulchīn's use of this form from its treatment in Western literature. The sequence is an application of the technique of musical composition to the art of writing; the poet intends to compose in "movements," and to create a unity out of these "movements" similar to the unity achieved in the symphonic poem art. The Western writer is under a serious handicap in making this attempt because Western prosody is somewhat lacking in variety and definition: the Persian metres, with their firm and clearly differentiated rhythms, provide the poet with a greatly superior instrument. In creating this poetical technique, Gulchīn has opened a fresh chapter in Persian literature which may well rival all the inventions of the

past. To use old forms in a new way, to invent a new synthesis out of old materials—that is the mark of true genius.

Translation is always beset by problems, sometimes insoluble. In making this version of 'The Curtain Fell' I have attempted to reproduce in a limited way the rhythms of the original, though the fluidity of English prosody is a fatal obstacle. It has not been so difficult to imitate Gulchīn's stylistic characteristics; at the same time his disciplined use of words puts the translator very much upon his mettle. Anyhow, even the best translation is but a pale reflection of the original, and the translator can be satisfied if he achieves nothing more than a faithful rendering, without being false to the intention of his model: Gulchīn has read my translation, and was good enough to be satisfied with it. The reader is counselled however not to pay too much heed to the version, but to study the poetry of Gulchīn with the close attention it deserves.

پرده افتاد

۱ خواب

گشت يك بازى دگر آغاز	پرده افتاد پشت پرده راز
بازى سايه روشن بندار	دره و كوه مغز ناهموار
در دلت مهر ژاله ديرين	تو در آنجا چوبوى گل شيرين
گيج از مشتهائى سخت نگرگ	من در آن سايه چون گل بى برگ
دل من همچو ماه بى پرتو	پيش پاى تو پاى كوچك تو
همچو خورشيد تيره تابنده	آسمان سياه آينده
روى درياى بى نشان اميد	موج هاى دراز و تند و سفيد
بادها در مرشك و در ناله	در رخ برگ و در لب لاله
دل آزاد و شاد من در بند	در رخ دلفريب تو لب خند
چشم تو مرگ وارسرد و بزرگ	لب تو جاى گاه بوسه كرك
همه چيزت چو خواب هستى هيچ	موى تو موى بود تو پر پيچ

۲ خواب مستى

دلم را بهر مهتر ميتراشد	مرا يك راز پنهان ميخراشد
در آن آمدولى روشن نگرديد	سپهرى هست در جاتم كه خورشيد
در آنجا باز شد كم كرد بينش	شب تاريك بك آفرينش

تو آنجائی ولی بی روشنائی نخواهد یافت چشمم آشنائی
تو آنجائی چو ابرو اختر و باد پر از باران پر از لرزش پر از داد
ولی گوشم کراست و دیده ام کور چنین نزدیکی و آوخ چنان دور

* * *

مرا يك راز پنهان میخراشد دلم را بهر مهرت میتراشد
ولی مهر ترا کی میتوان دید كه تاريك است اینجا چشم خورشید
تهی میسازد از خون جوانی دلم را یاد مرگ و زندگانی
ولی یاد امید دیدن تو مرا پر میکند از هستی نو
مگر اینست این معنای هستی امید دیدن يك خواب مستی

۳

سایه

بال من باز شد چو ابر سفید گاه پرواز بود سوی امید
پر زدم روی جنگل انبوه روی گلزار و دشت و دره و کوه
رفتم از لای ابر های گران سوی خورشید های سرگردان
زیر پاهای من در آن پائین چرخ میزد چو توپ کهنه زمین
چرخ میزد چو مست دیوانه مست گمراه مست بیگانه
چرخ میزد چو کاسه سر من سر من توی ابر های کفن
ای خداوند سایه نابود آن زمین بود یا سر من بود

۴

درخت بزرگ

درخت بزرگ هست بی شاخ و برگ چنان خشك در پنجه سخت مرگ
چنان زشت چون کور چون استخوان چروکیده چون چهره مردگان
برویش سپهر و ستاره نموش بپایش چو خون چشمه در جنب و جوش
برویش پر از لکه خاك و گرد در و نش تهی بوج نمدار سرد

* * *

به مغز من است این درخت بزرگ در این جنگل شیر و کفتار و گرگ
در این دره تار پندار من در این پرده خواب بیدار من
در این خانه تنگ راز و نیاز در این رشته آرزوی دراز

* * *

نراشیده از پنجه شیر و گرگ	درخت بزرگست آری بزرگ
پر از بوم و زاغ و پر از یادگار	پر از عنکبوت و پر از مور و مار
پر از اشك خشك و پر از خون سفت	پر از کینه و مهر و ترس و شکفت

* * *

در این کله درد و رزم و شکست	به مغز من است این به مغز من است
در خشده از اختران سیاه	در این آسمان پر از ابر آه
امید فریبنده ناپدید	فروزنده از مهر و ماه امید

•

راه

چاه است و چاله پیچ و خم و نام و ننگ من	راه است و پای خسته من کفش تنگ من
دندان شیر و گرگ و تپش های درد دل	کوه است و دره جنگل انبوه و سنگ و گل
میراندم به پیش که میراندم به پیش	رنج است و ناامیدی و میخ است و خار و نیش
از کیمت بهر چیست چنین پر خطر چراست	این هستی من است و نمیدانم از کجاست
یا آزی یا نشانه انگشت چرك راز	این چیست در دل من مهر است یا نیاز
این جست و خیزدم بدم موج سرخ پوش	دل چیست از برای که این جوش و این خروش
سوی کدام دریا هستند رهسپار	دردره های مغز من این رودهای مار

۶

غار

من در آنجا دست و پای من به بند	غار تاریک است کو هستان بلند
تیره مانند دو الهاس سیاه	در سپهر جان من خورشید و ماه
می چکد از اختران بر روی خاک	خون سرد آرزوی درد ناک
می تپد چیزی دما دم آه دل	در میان خون و خاک و اشك و گل

* * *

ای گریز ماه و سال خواب من	آه دل ای ساعت بی تاب من
زنگ ناهنگام وقت نادرست	سرنوشتم سرگذشت درد تست

* * *

غار تاریک است.... کوهستان بلند دل در آنجا دست و پای دل به بند
 نیست جز تنهایی پرواز باز باز با مال و نك و چنگال راز
 نیست جز خاموشی پر بانگ جان بانگ نیروی خدای تا توان

* * *

ای خدا ای زاده بندگان من زاده تنهایی بیمار من
 ای خدا ای پرده تاریک مرگ افسر يك ارتش بی ساز و برگ
 غارتاریک است.... کوهستان بلند با من و بادل تو در آنجا به بند

THE CURTAIN FELL*

I

SLEEP

the curtain fell. . behind the veil of mystery
 moved the beginning of another mummery
 the undulations of the brain valley and hill
 the chiaroscuro playing of a fantastic will
 and thou in the midst of it sweet as a rose's scent
 and I like a rose without a leaf within that shade
 beneath the hail's flailing fists staggering flayed
 before thy foot before that little foot of thine
 my heart like to a moon lacking for light to shine
 a vast black firmament of unfulfilling days
 even as a darkened sun gleaming with shadow rays
 long long and swiftly speeding the white breakers sweep
 over the broad expanses of hope's pathless deep
 upon the petal's cheek upon the crocus' lip
 broadly the sighing winds in lamentation weep
 upon thy heart-ravishing cheek flutters a smile
 my heart free and rejoicing stands enchained the while
 upon thy lip lurking the kiss of the wolf's caress
 thine eye huge and mortally cold and comfortless
 and thy hair ah thy flaxen hair twisted and taut
 and all about thee.... like the dream of being.... naught

2

ENRaptured DREAM

there is a hidden secret scrapes at me
 chisels my heart to thy love's conformity
 within my soul a sphere whither the sun
 entered but never in its brightness shone
 for there creation's eyelids that dark night
 opened and utterly confounded sight
 and there thou art but lacking light to see
 mine eye shall find no cognizance of thee

* This translation is printed without capital letters and without punctuation as desired by the author.
 [Ed. I. C.]

yea thou art there like star and wind and cloud
 raining and trembling and lamenting loud
 but ah mine ear is stopt my sight is blind
 thou art so near but oh so far to find

there is a hidden secret scrapes at me
 chisels my heart to thy love's conformity
 yet how can it behold thy love at all
 where the sun's eye is shrouded in a pall
 the memory of death and life for truth
 empties my heart of all the blood of youth
 yet the remembered hope of seeing thee
 fulfils me with renewed vitality
 is being's meaning then as it would seem
 the hope of seeing one enraptured dream

3

SHADE

and my wings opened out like a cloud all white
 opened out time to soar unto hope's far height
 pinions struck I and soared over forest dense
 over plain garden valley and mountain whence
 through the folds of the ponderous clouds I went
 toward great suns whirling high in the firmament
 far below far below like an ancient gun
 neath my feet far below there the round earth spun
 spun about madly a drunkard staggering
 a mad drunkard and lost unto every thing
 spun about like the spinning cup of my head
 in the clouds' windingsheet all encircled
 lord supreme of the shade of nonentity
 was that the earth or was it the head of me

4

THE GREAT TREE

a great tree and branchless and leafless it stands
 so dry and so parched gripped in death's icy hands
 surpassingly foul like the tomb like a bone
 so shrivelled as faces of dead men alone
 above it the sky and the stars silent swing
 below it like blood boils and bubbles the spring
 without it all duststrew and dirtspread and stain
 within chill and dampness and void and inane

my brain is the root whence the great tree evolves
 this forest of lions hyenas and wolves
 and this of my thought the dark valley and deep
 and this the spread curtain of my waking sleep
 and this the tight cottage of secret and prayer
 and this the drawn thread of desire far and fair

a great tree it stands yea a tree hugely great
 the claws of the lions and wolves lacerate
 where spiders and emmets and snakes swarm with me
 and hootowls and ravens and ah memory
 affection and anger and wonder and fear
 and all blood congealed and a dry withered tear

my brain is the root yea it stands in my brain
 these temples of war and disaster and pain
 this broad clouded sky dark with cumulous sighs
 this broad gleaming heaven where black stars arise
 this sky broadly lighted by hope's sun and moon
 by hope bright deceitful and hope vanished soon

5

THE ROAD

there is the road and my weary foot and the narrow shoe I wear
 the well and the pit and the winding whirl and the name and shame I bear
 mountain there is and vale there is dense thicket and stone and clay
 teeth of the lion and the wolf and throb of the heart's dismay
 anguish there is and hopelessness and sting and nettle and thorn
 yet ever onward he bears me on and on by whom am I borne
 this is my being that bears me on and I know not whence it has come
 from whom it is and for what it is so fearful and dangerous
 what is this in this heart of mine is it passion or poverty
 concupiscence or the fingerprint of a dark dim mystery
 what oh what is the heart for whom so turbulent does it rave
 what is this the fall and rise breath breath of a crimson wave
 amid the valleys within my brain these rivulets serpentine
 unto what ocean hurrying down stream on these waters of mine

6

THE CAVERN

dark the cavern . . . and the mountainrange is high
 hand enchained and foot enfettered there am I
 in the heaven of my soul the moon and sun
 gleam like two black diamonds darkling and dun
 see the cold blood of an agonizing lust
 trickles dripping from the stars over the dust
 mid the blood and earth and tears and clay a part
 something quivers momentarily ah tis the heart

ah my heart my watch whose fingers ever creep
 ah the speeding of my months and years of sleep
 and my life is all this agony to tell
 the untimely chiming of a lying bell

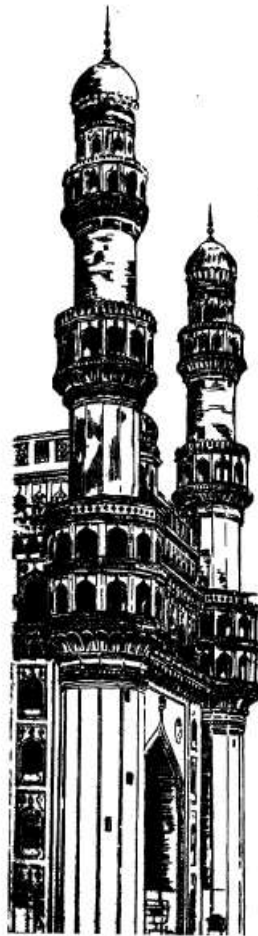
dark the cavern . . . and the mountainrange is high
 hand and foot enfettered there my heart must lie
 naught is there save the hawk's lonely flight to see
 hawk with wing and beak and claw of mystery

naught to hear save the loud silence of the soul
the loud power of a god lacking control

o thou god thou child engendered by my thought
o thou child of my sick loneliness begot
o thou god thou death's shrouded and pallid ghost
thou commander of an unprovisioned host
dark the cavern...and the mountainrange is high
there enchained art thou and there my heart and I

A. J. ARBERRY.

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[Asid say: My Lord I Increase me in knowledge.—Qur'an]

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